



three inches by **Orange Pens and Messy Hands**

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Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W.

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Summary: In which Hopper tells Mike and El the door needs to be open at least three inches, but he never says what they are allowed and aren't allowed to do behind the door. One-shot.

three inches

hello

Words w/out AN: 1204

Pairing(s): Mileven

I own nothing.

three inches

El doesn't like the three-inch rule. She thinks it's weird and unnecessary. Hopper explained to her that he had to "supervise" her and Mike when he first made the rule. But his supervision was usually just watching the tv and yelling anytime the door was closed. Every now and then he peers through the small gap in the door. El always just looks back at the sliver of his face she sees.

Mike says that the "three-inch rule" is just so Hop can make sure they aren't kissing, which really sucks since El likes kissing Mike.

And there are not many places she can do that since Hopper doesn't let her out much and she feels it would be really weird to kiss as they do, "make-out" Mike calls it, in front of their friends.

So their "make-out" sessions only happen when they're in private.

Well, as private as it can be with Hopper peering through the three-inch gap every now and then.

And as much as El hates the three-inch rule, she hates it more when Hopper gets all worked up over her breaking it. He starts yelling and getting mad. So she follows it.

At least, she tries to...

She really does try to. When Mike shows up at the start of the day, the door is very clearly three inches open. But as the day goes on, the gap between the door shrinks and shrinks until it's almost closed and

she can't see the sliver of Hopper's face anymore.

And to Hopper "almost closed" is practically the same as closed.

Once the door is "closed," it's only a matter of time until Hop screams and bursts it down.

El and Mike have to scramble to separate ends of the bed, hiding their blushes, swollen lips and heavy breathing every time.

It's definitely worth it, El thinks because the smile on Mike's face as he casually glances at her after Hopper finishes his whole "three-inch rule" speech captures her.

It's so inviting that she can't help but smile back. Then she laughs and Mike laughs, too. He pulls her into a hug peppers her with kisses.

And that's how they stay. That's how she likes it. With Mike's arms around her as she feels his still-racing heartbeat.

That is until Mike has to go home and she can't wait for the next day.

O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O.o.O

El eagerly waits on the living room couch for Mike to arrive, as she does most mornings. Some show on tv, she doesn't know the name, momentarily has her attention. The bright colours and fun music only holds her attention for so long until a loud knocking on the front door piques her interest.

El jumps up. "I got it!" She yells to the half-asleep, now fully awake, Hopper.

"Three inches..." He mutters half-heartedly as Hopper looks over to see that El isn't even listening to him. All of her focus is on the door.

She makes the door swing open and Mike walks in, holding his arms out as El rushes to hug him like she always does.

Hopper stands and crosses his arms, trying to look intimidating.

Mike gives a small nod and an awkward wave.

El grabs Mike's hand and drags him to her room.

"Hey, three inches!" Hopper says again as Mike slams the door closed.

El hears Hopper sigh in defeat and tentatively opens it to where it should be.

"That was weird," Mike says. "That was really weird."

"What?" El asks.

"The door was *closed* and Hop didn't yell."

"He's tired," El says. "Just woke up."

"*He's* tired? *I'm* tired. I have to wake up at 7:30 am to get here by 9:00 am, on a *summer* day. Imagine that. Waking up before 8:00 and it's not even a school day." Mike jokingly complains.

"Well if you would rather sleep than be with me..." El says, knowing it'll make Mike stutter out an explanation. She thinks it's cute when he's all fumbled and embarrassed.

He stammers. "I, umm, no wait, I didn't mean it like that! I, uh-"

"I am joking." El laughs and pulls him closer to her on her bed.

"Oh, haha. Very funny. For the record, yes, I would rather sleep than be with you."

"How dare you?" El tries to be offended but is still laughing. The face Mike is making tells her he wasn't serious.

"Seriously though, I stayed up *way* too late last night and waking up that early gave me, like, three hours of sleep. I wouldn't mind some rest."

El slaps his shoulder. "You can't sleep. What will I do?"

Mike leans forward, into her and presses his lips against hers. El reciprocates but Mike pulls back.

"What if...you slept...with me?" He says in between kisses.

"Umm..." El says.

Max has talked with El about her brother Billy. Max says Billy "sleeps" with a lot of girls. Except Max says the way Billy sleeps with girls is disgusting. Why would Mike want to do that with her?

"You want to 'sleep' with me? Like Billy?" El asks confused.

Mike's eyes widen. "What, oh gosh, no! Not like that! *Just* sleep. Nothing else. Just a nap, nothing else."

El thinks about taking a nap. With Mike. *Just* a nap, apparently.

What was so cool about sleeping with someone? You just sit beside each other until you fall asleep.

She looks toward the ajar door. "Will Hopper be mad?"

"Umm," Mike says. "Technically, if the door is open three inches...we should be fine."

"I could sleep." She resolutely says, giving her answer to Mike.

"Uh, cool. Yeah cool." He pulls aside the blanket and gets comfortable under the covers. El watches as Mike motions for El to lay beside him.

El feels her cheeks get red as she looks at how awkward Mike is being. They both lay on their backs, facing the ceiling. She turns her head towards him. He lets out a silent yawn and faces her, too.

Mike gives her a long, drawn-out kiss. "So, uh. I think we're supposed to sleep now?"

El rolls her eyes. *Obviously*, they were supposed to sleep now. She faces the ceiling again.

"We could...cuddle?" El hears beside her.

She likes cuddling. She and Mike do it when they watch movies

together.

Mike tentatively wraps his arm around her stomach and moves onto his side, so his body is facing her.

He pulls her closer and El can feel his body heat. She smiles and closes her eyes. She repositions herself so her back is pressed against Mike's chest.

They weren't the best at this. Not by a long shot. But she was comfortable and happy. She could feel the faint beat of his heart and his soft breaths.

"I like this..." El murmurs, growing tired.

"Mmm," Mike agrees. "G'night, El..."

She feels herself fall asleep.

And maybe sleeping wasn't the worst thing to do together.

At least, until Hopper goes to check on them.

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"Three Inches! I said three inches!"

"Technically, it was open three inches..."

okay so this was bad. (maybe?) i've been in a writing rut. haha alliteration. i've basically been in no mood to write what so ever, but I really wanted to do something for stranger things since season 3 came out pretty recently, although i didn't want to force myself to write. so basically after like three hours of on again off again writing where i heavily critique my work and constantly wonder if it's good enough i decided on *this* as the finished product. it takes place before season three during the same summer though. if you really wanted to it could be like, three days before the first episode. all mistakes are mine

(because i wrote this incredibly late at night and didn't bother to edit it) and i hope you all enjoyed !